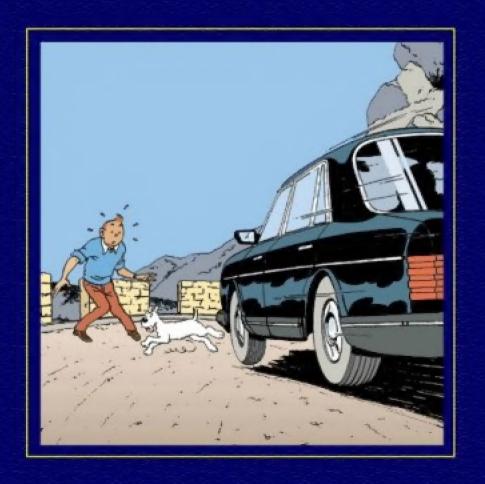


· Hergé · Rodier · Richard ·

## TINTIN and ALPH-ART





## THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

## TINTIN and ALPH-ART



the.cult.of.tintin

## TINTIN and ALPH-ART



















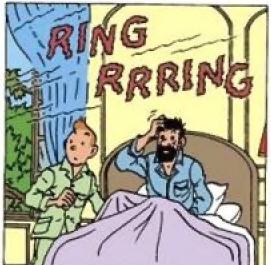














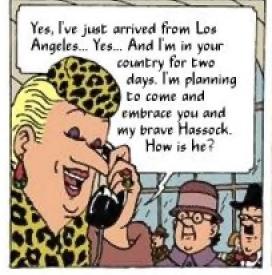


As I was telling you, a horrible nightmare... There was Nestor bringing my breakfast. But it wasn't Nestor, and it wasn't my breakfast either.





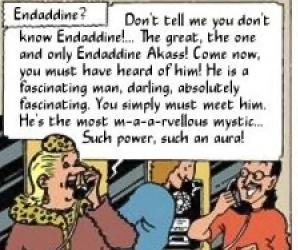


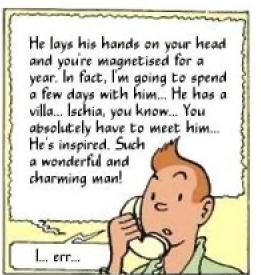






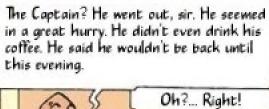






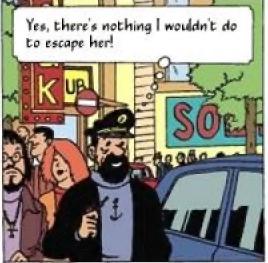


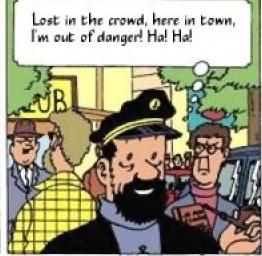








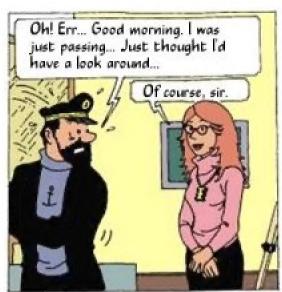


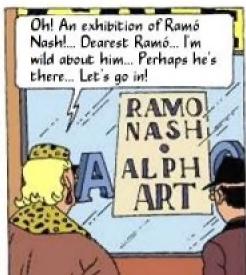














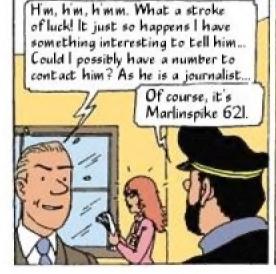














Good. Thank you very much.













How delightful to find you here!... You're interested in Alph-Art!... Well, I'd never have thought it possible... That a simple fisherman, without any education, should be mad about Art ... it's fantastic!



It proves that your art, so simple and at the same time so rich, so noble and so basic, can reach the whole world ... from the most uncouth to the most ... Well, to people like us ...



Ah, Alph-Art! A genuine return to sources, to the origins of civilisation, yes? The wheel, fire, the hard-boiled egg...



Look at that, Captain Kapok! What strength, what nobility! You feel better when you've seen that, don't you?



This work here, look! A microcosm of the whole universe, from Alfa to ... Romeo ... fiat ... Lancia ... to Omega ... No, that's another make.



My name is Haddock, Signora Bianca!

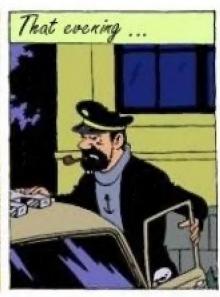
Oh, this one! Especially for you,

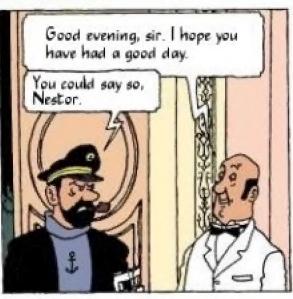
Of course ... Well, there's the picture waiting for you: A for Addock!

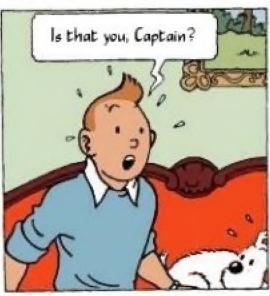
Haddock is spelt with an H, Signora!















Yes, I came to Europe to do a little shopping ... Ive offered to buy Windsor Castle from the British government, so I can put it up outside Wadesdah ... But the British government refused, despite their great financial difficulties. One wonders why?

The same brush-off in France, with Versailles and the Eiffel Tower. Everywhere I was met with incomprehension. I was just about to offer a considerable sum for the refinery they built recently in Paris, and then used as a musem ...



I know, I know ... That's the official story they gave to me. But I can tell you, it's my line, and I know what I'm talking about: it is a refinery turned into a museum, and that's that! Now I've decided to build my own museum looking like a refinery on the outside, to keep up with the fashion. But ...













Well, as I was saying, I'm going to build a museum of Art at Wadesdah. I want to make Khemed into a modern country resolutely moving into the future. The plans are already drawn up.



And we stay with the world of art to report that Jacques Monastir, the renowned French expert, has disappeared in dramatic circumstances. An experienced yachtsman, he left a small port in Sardinia three days ago ...



... His yacht Emerald has been found, empty, drifting off the Corsican coast at Ajaccio, near the lles Sanguinaires. A length of rope was attached to the boat. Jacques Monastir was known worldwide and most of the great museums called upon his expertise.



It seems probable that Mr Monastir decided to go for a swim and, for safety, attached himself to the boat by a line. Then disaster must have struck.



Talking of experts, I met a Mr Fourcart who told me he had something interesting to say to you. He'll ring you up some time.

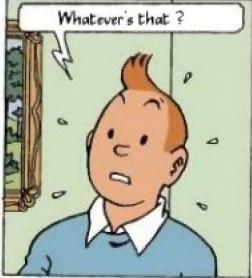


Er ... yes ... I mean ... I've got something to show you ...

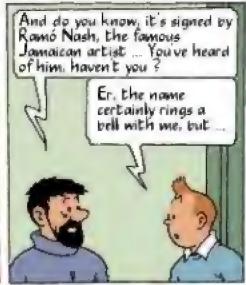






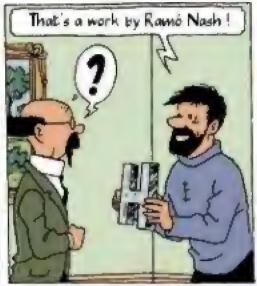










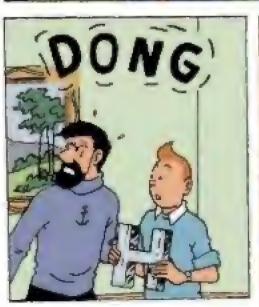




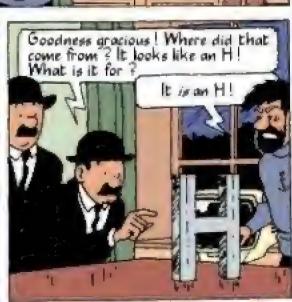
















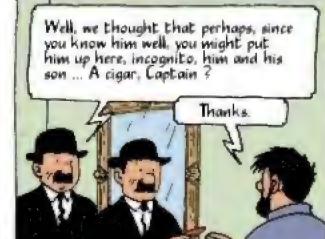


Yes, it's feared that he may be kidnapped by a a Palestinian



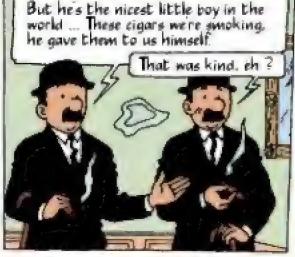












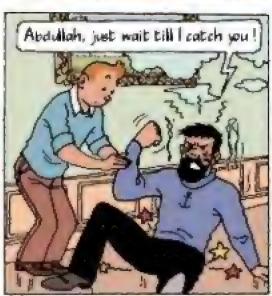






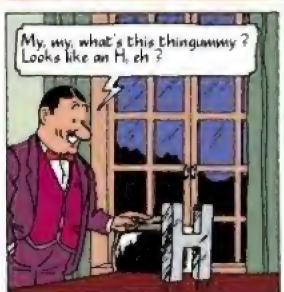
















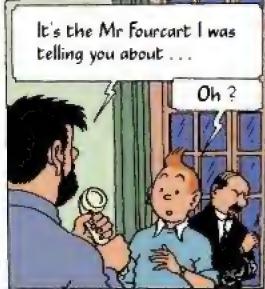




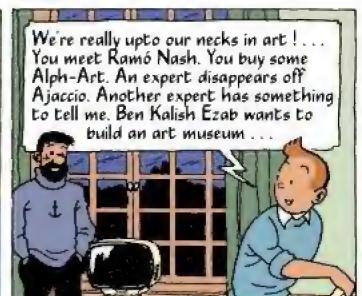






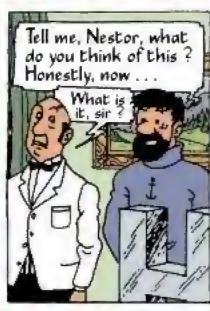


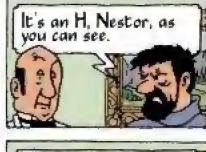


























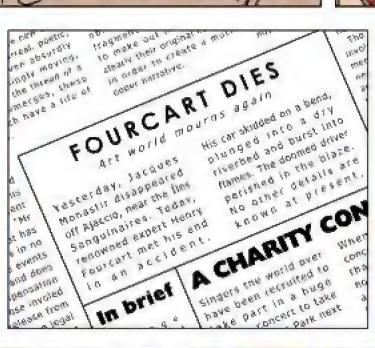








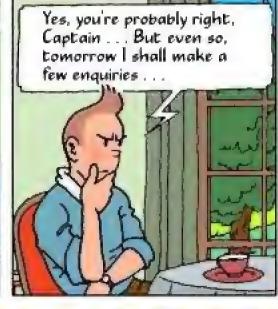














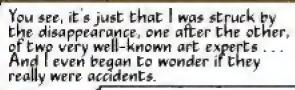


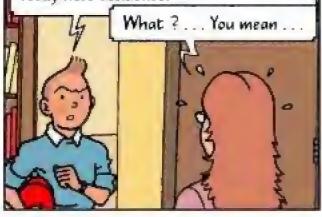






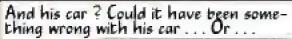






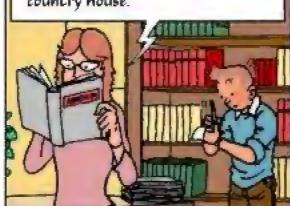








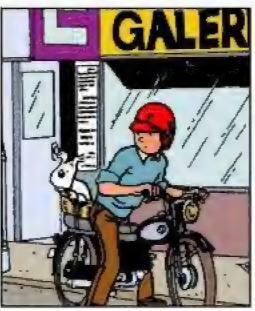
Wait . . . There, the Garage de l'Avenir at Leignault. The owner is called fleurotte. It's near the place where Mr fourcart had his country house.





And now, Snowy, we're off to Leignault! It's a good thirty kilometres away, so it's not going to be a short ride!





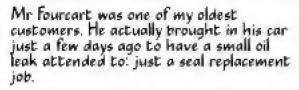














Perfect condition. It was almost new less than 32,000 kilometres on the clock. No, to my way of thinking, Mr Fourcart must have been taken ill. He knew the road well, he had a house not far from here . . .



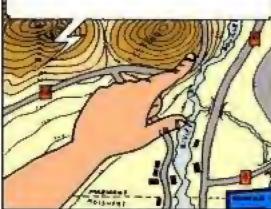
Whereabouts did the accident happen?



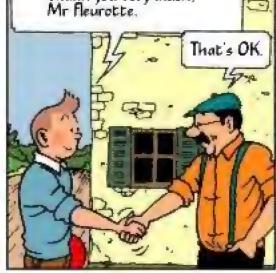
lt's three kilometres from here, between Leignault and Marmont . . .



You'll see, the parapet is smashed and the car is still on the bed of the river, the Douillette.





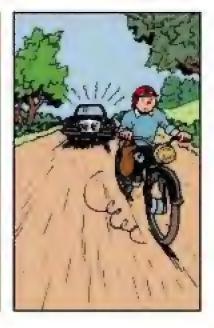














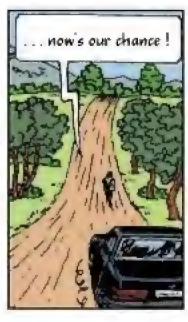






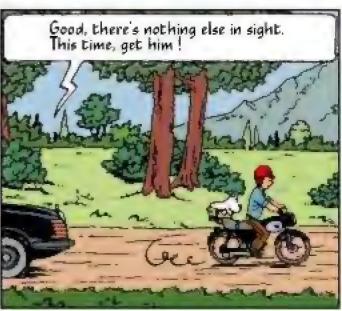














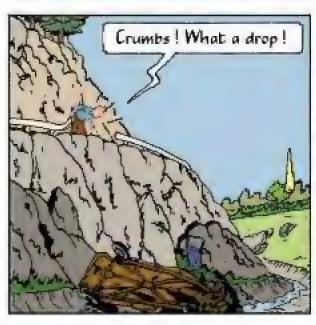


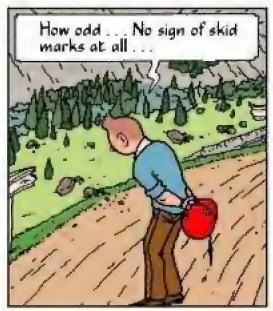








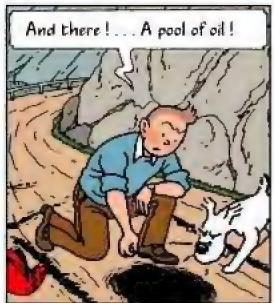










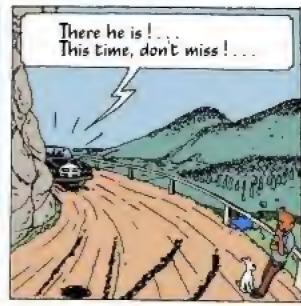


Let's see ... the garage man talked about a small oil leak - but perhaps the car was standing for quite a long time ... And if someone forced Fourcart to stop ...



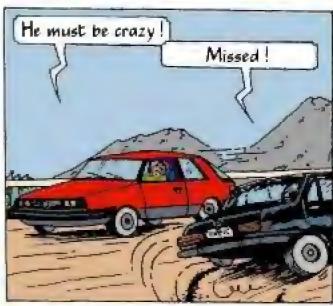
... Then it really was murder ... And the other accident, to Monastir, was murder as well ...





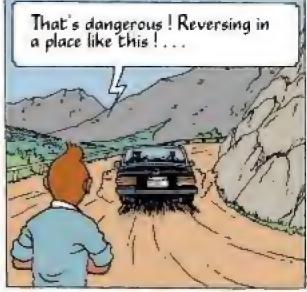


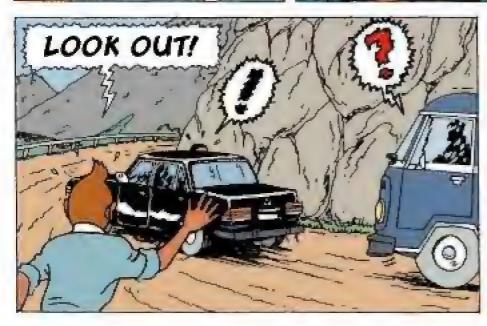














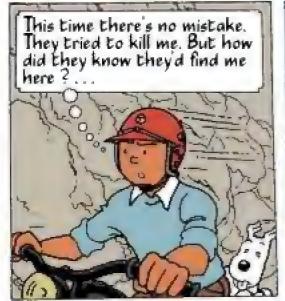






































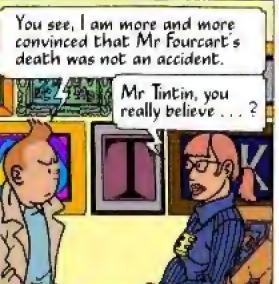


















































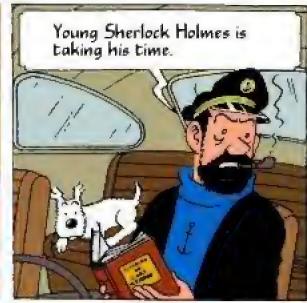








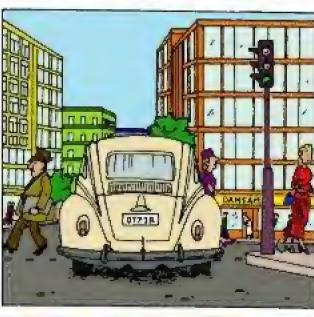




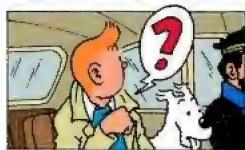


















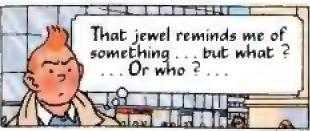








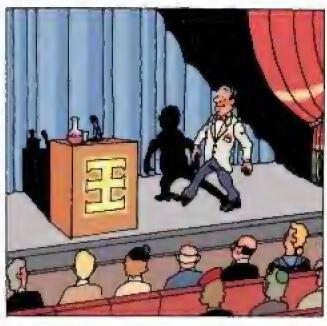


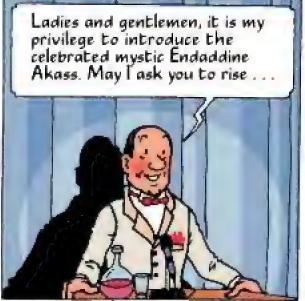










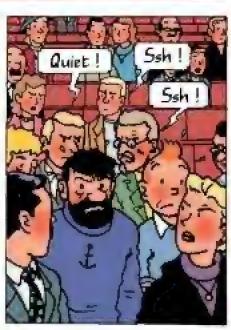




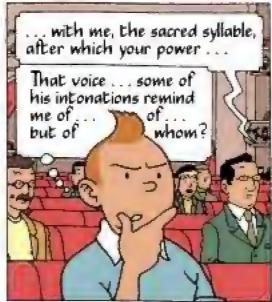




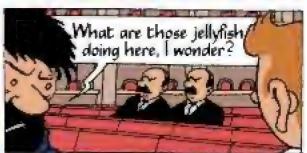


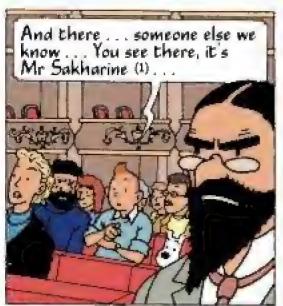






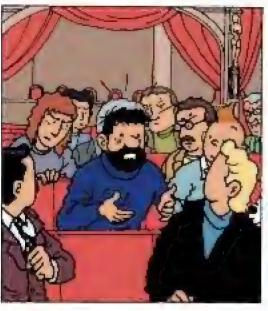




















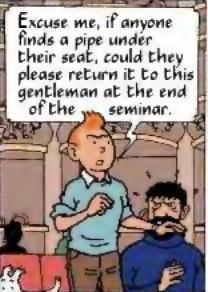






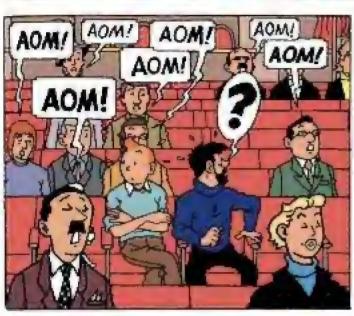
(1) See The Secret of the Unicom





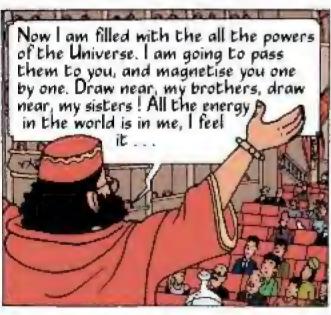






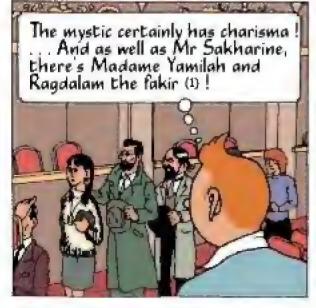














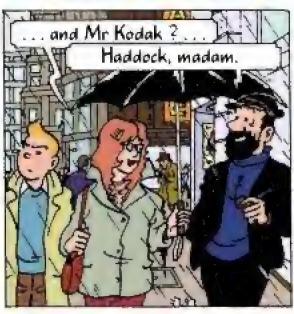


(1) See The Seven Crystal Balls









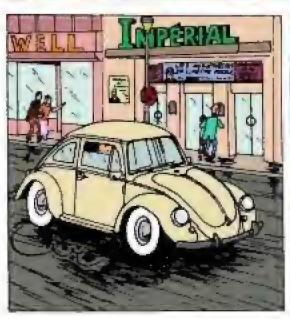








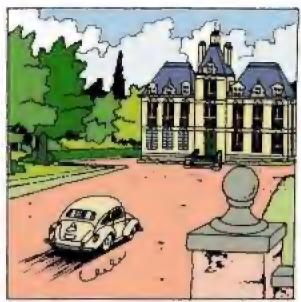




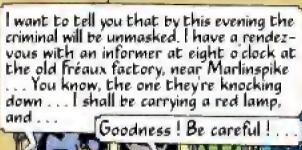




















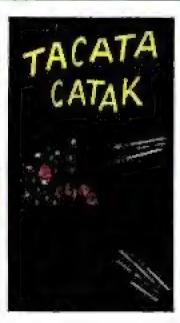








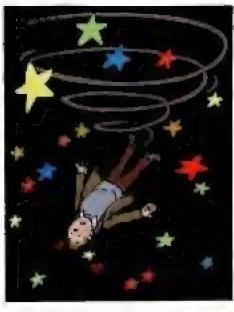






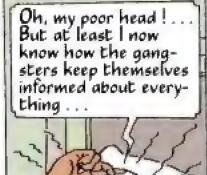














A small, extremely sensitive electronic bug is hidden in it - a tiny microphone-transmitter. That way, all conversations are recorded. Only . . .



Microtransmitters like that have a very restricted range. So there must be a relay nearby, and that's how the microtransmitter was able to record everything that Mr fourcart said whilst he was in the office, since Miss Martine was nearby, and the microphone was able to pick up the conversations...

... and then they were transmitted to this relay - which must be in a building nearby ... or perhaps in the same building, who knows? ... Anyhow, tomorrow, I'll begin a search to find this relay, where ever it is.







Today, Snowy, we're conducting an opinion survey on ... on what, exactly ? On solar-powered heating ? Yes, solar-powered heating, that's an excellent subject.















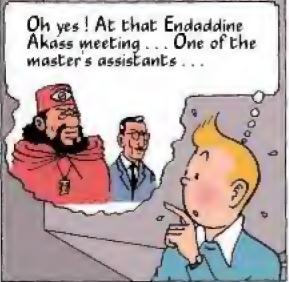












I wonder if he recognised me . . . In any case, there must be a connection between Endaddine, the microphone . . .



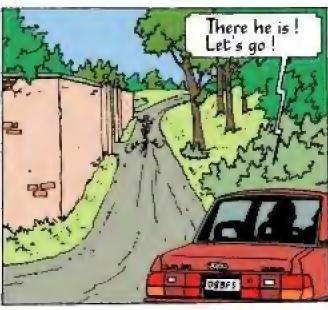
He certainly suspects something ...
He came knocking on my door on the pretext of some opinion survey ... I understand ... We'll take care of him ... Yes, properly this time.





















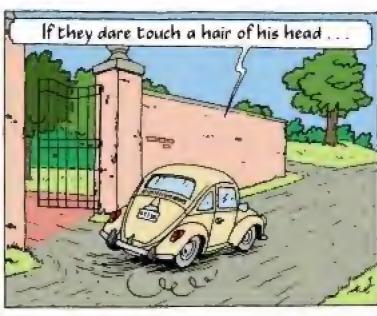










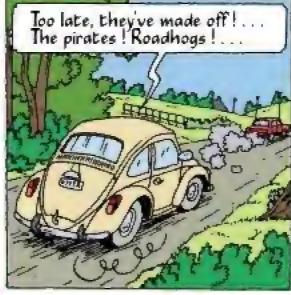




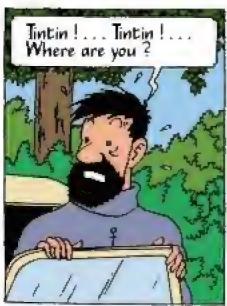










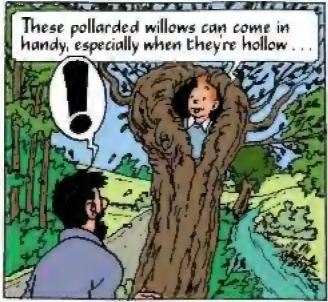


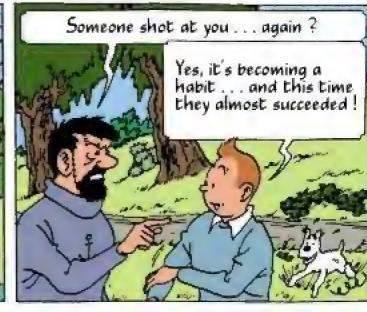












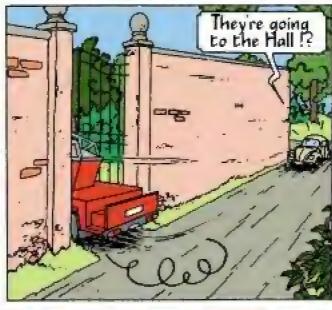












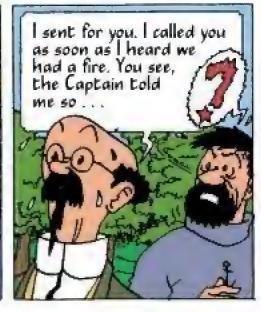


What do you mean ?! Someone called us to report a fire here...









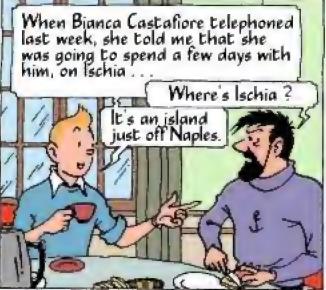








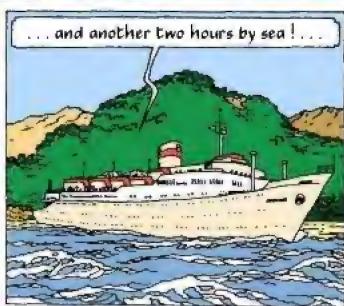












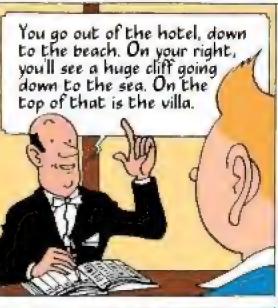




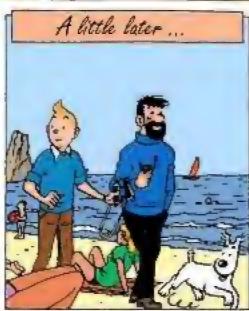


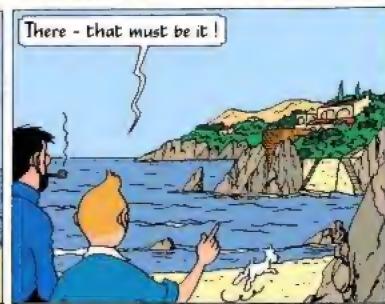




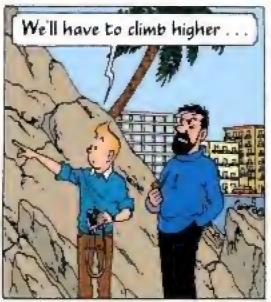


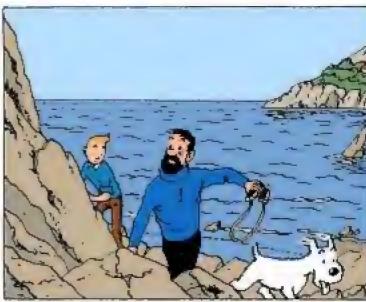




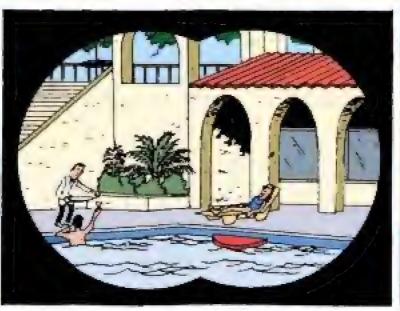






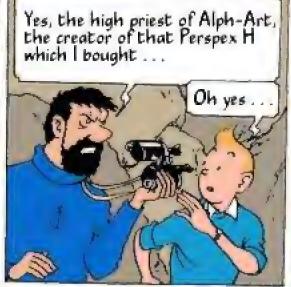


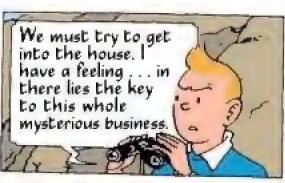


















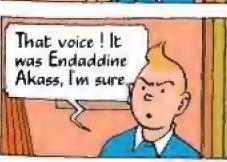




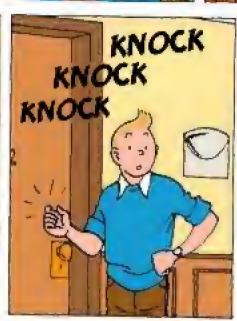






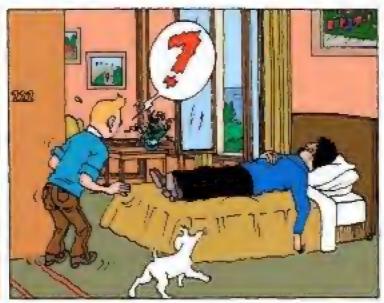


















I've no idea, but news can travel very quickly on an island. The one thing we must avoid at all costs is for Castafiore to find out that we're here!...









My dear friend . . . but how did you know that we were here . . . ?





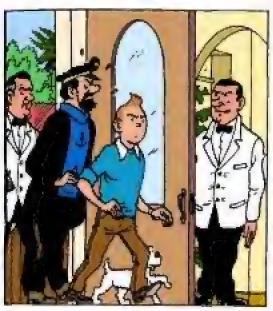




























My dear friend, how could

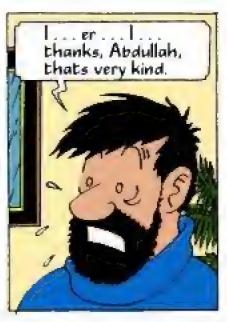








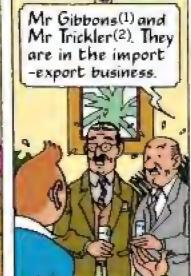






























(1) See The Blue Lotus (2) See The Broken Ear







... It is out of the question! You can stay the night here, and tomorrow morning you can return to your hotel, and to whatever travel arrangements you have.



















































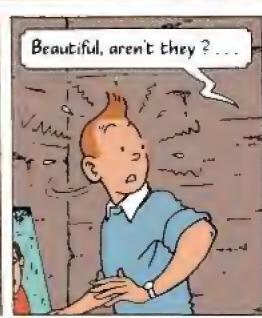














It's our dear Ramó Nash. His latest brainwave is Alph-Art. Behind that front, he can happily fabricate paintings by the masters, which are then authenticated by a known expert. Poor Mr fourcart didn't want to . . .



Besides, he wanted to expose the whole business to you. As for the unfortunate Monastir, he wanted to blackmail me. Poor fool!

You got rid of him!...



l was forced to ! As for you, young man, I'm afraid you know too much. You will have to disappear. You know César?



Ah, César, the sculptor the master of compressionism. This is one of his works here, you see . . .



And this is one of his "Expansions"...

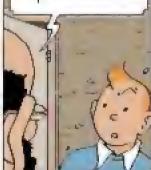
Well, my friend, we're going to pour liquid polyester over you ... you'll become an expansion signed by César, and then authenticated by a well-known expert ...



Then it will be sold, perhaps to a museum, or a rich collector . . . You should be glad, your corpse will be displayed in a museum.



And no one will ever suspect that the work, which could be entitled Reporter



. . . constitutes the last resting place of young Tintin. Ha! You, take him away, and lock him up.





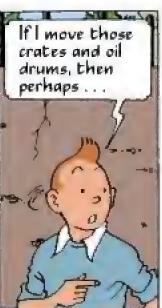


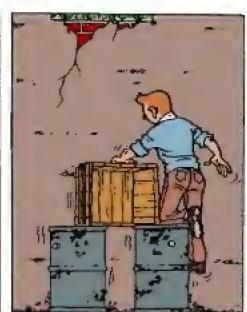






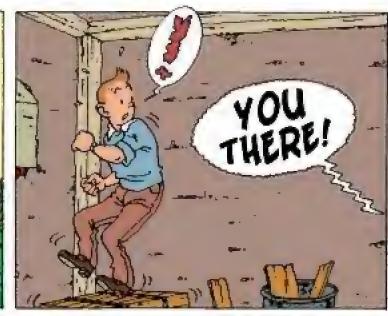
































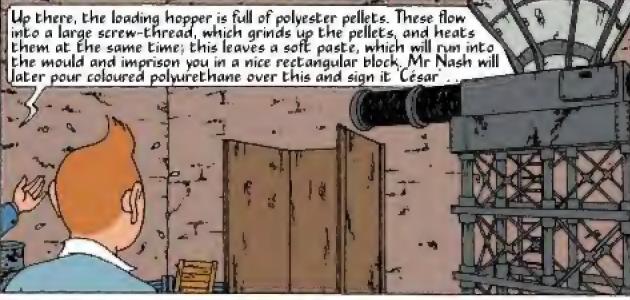






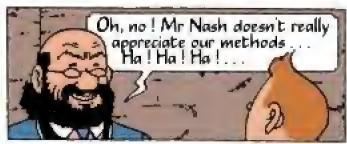


















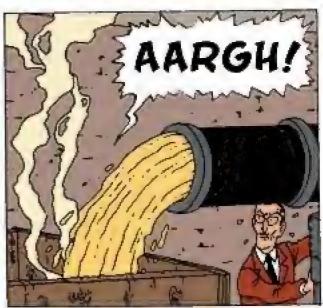














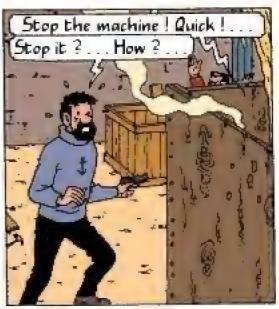










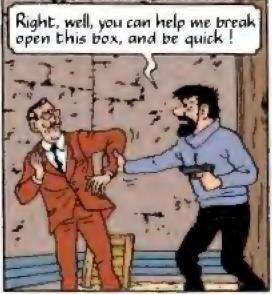






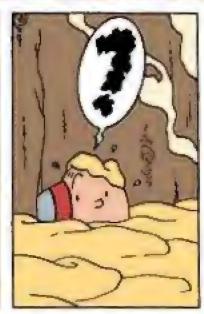




























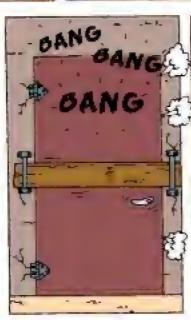


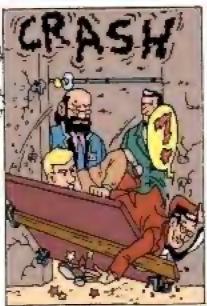










































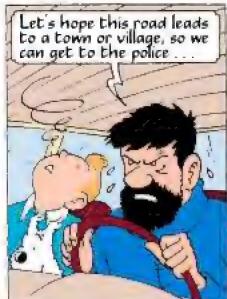




Myself, I've known Tintin and the





















What ?! . . . I'm not leaving you here to fall into the clutches of those ectoplasms again, thundering typhoons!













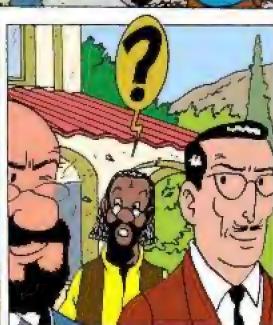






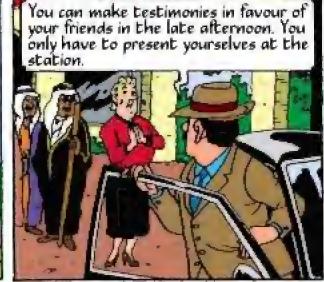


















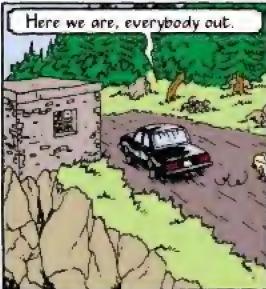




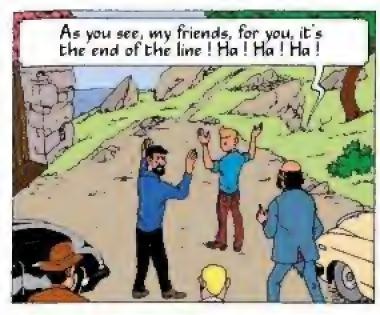


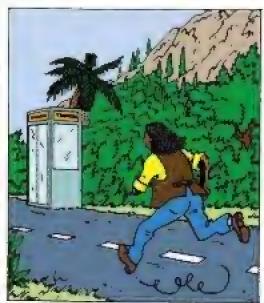














If you think that you can get rid of us that easily, think again! Your collaborator, in a moment of inspired brilliance, told our friends to go to the police station to plead our innocence!



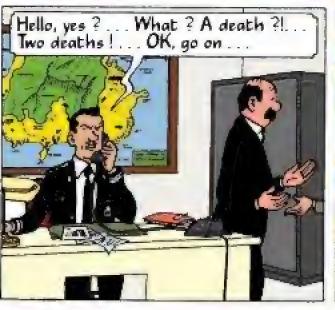
And then ? You were killed during your bid to escape. A simple call to your friends will tell them the bad news, and therefore they needn't bother going to the police station.

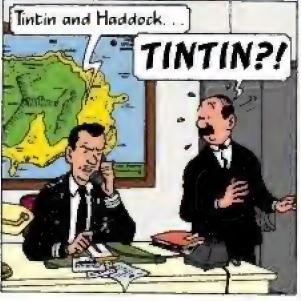


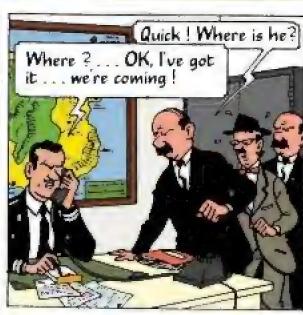


Yes, but you see, my dear friend, by this afternoon you will have had all the time to try to escape . . .

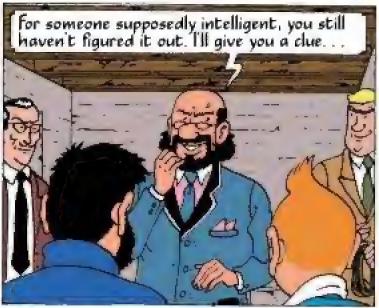
And ... and then ?







You seem to have won, Akass... But tell me, why all this fuss? A forgery racket isn't on the same level as murder!











Some years ago, I organised the kidnapping of the famous millionaire Laszlo Carreidas, just before the International Astronautical Congress, to which you were invited as guests of honour ... (2)

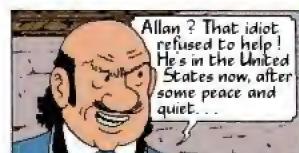


Unfortunately for me, the island we were on was destroyed by a volcano . . . l managed to escape, but I'm not sure how, since at the time of the eruption, I became amnesic . . .



After my escape, I met Nash in Jamaica. I was impressed by his talent. It was then that I had the idea of dealing in forged art. A little plastic surgery, a few accessories and I became Akass. After recruiting a few men to work for me, the project took off very quickly . . .

And Allan, the fresh-water pirate? Is he not with you?... Or is he disguised as one of these gorrilas s







But I'm not a fool, all these questions are just a ruse to gain some time, aren't they? Well, game over, my friend!

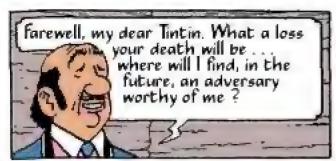




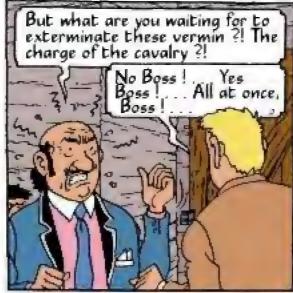


(1) See The Red Sea Sharks

(2) See Flight 714

























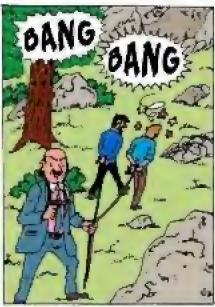




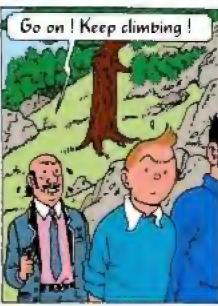


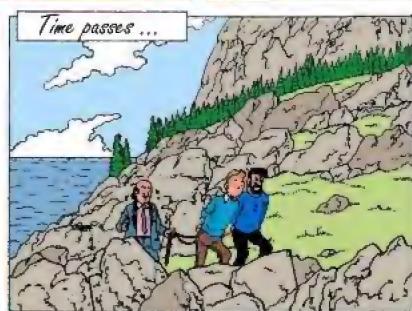












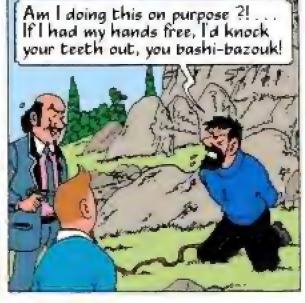


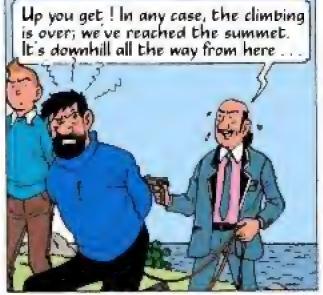


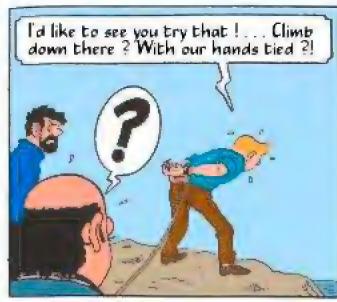










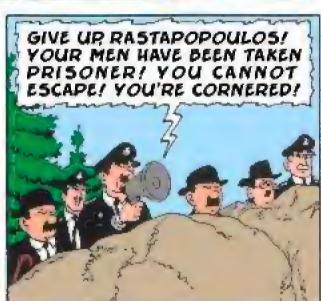




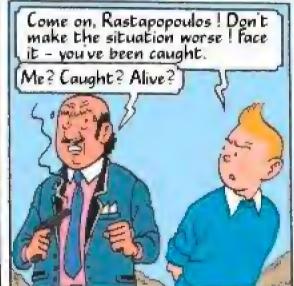










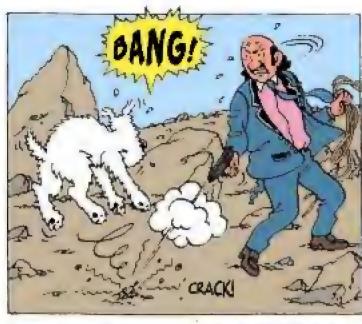




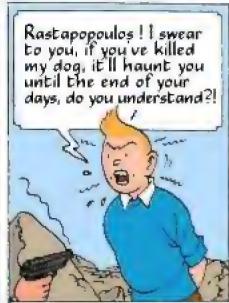






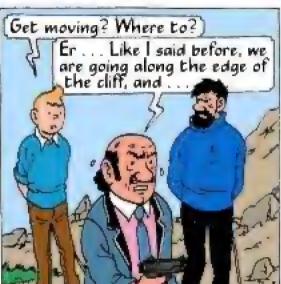






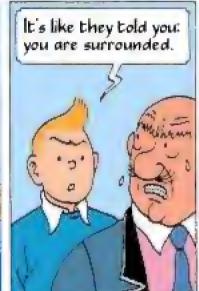
Yeah, yeah, but I advise you to get moving, instead of making idle threats, kid!...





Blistering barnacles!
Stop and think a bit!
Do you really think
they're just going to
let you slip by?





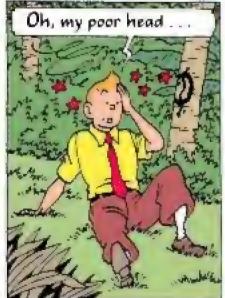
And like I said, they'll never take me alive!...And futhermore, they'll never find you alive either!...











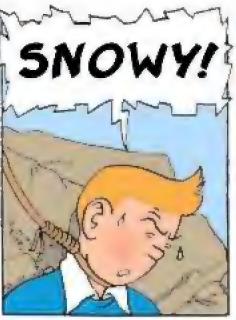












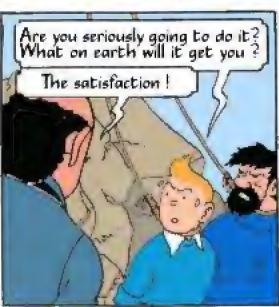








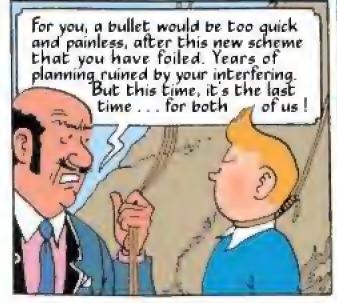














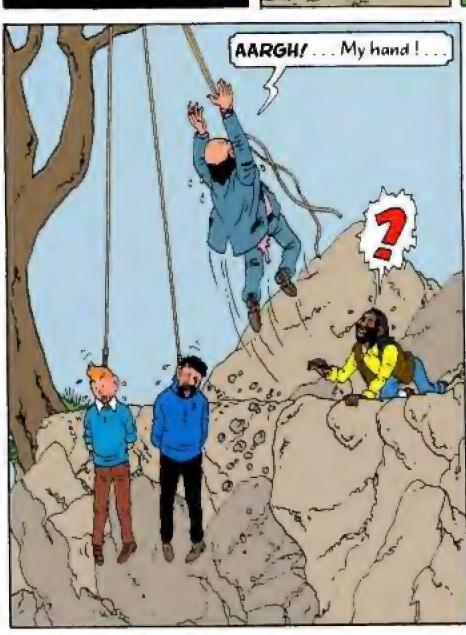


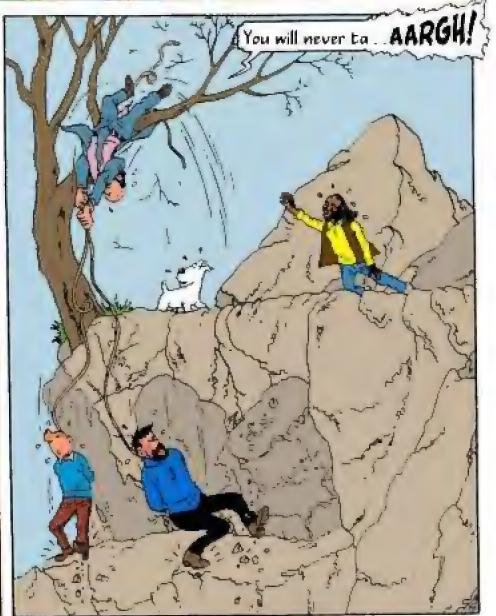












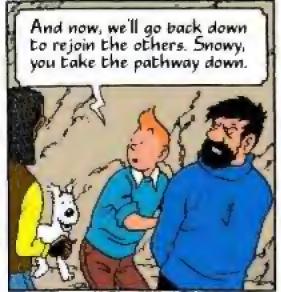








Blistering barnacles! I really thought that was the end, thundering typhoons!...

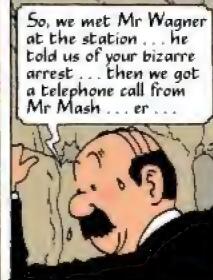






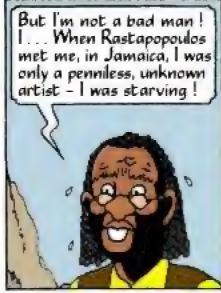
















Rastapopoulos arranged for them to be authenticated by experts, and then the money started rolling in. Up until today, I didn't complain at all.

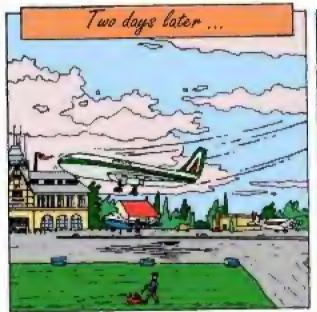




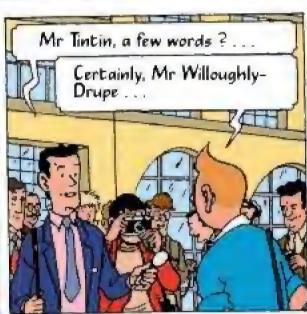


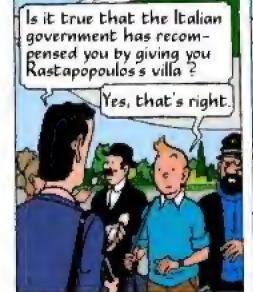
















Mr Nash, is it true that





I just wanted to congratulate you. I was horrified to learn that the master was a famous terrorist, but I'm glad that you were able to clear this whole sordid business up . . .



Personally, I'd have been happier if it weren't for all these murders...
Monastir, and your poor boss, fourcart...

Er ... Mr Tintin, l ... I'd like to invite you to dinner ... I want you to meet my parents.





I hope Sir had a good flight back?

Excellent, Nestor, excellent!
You know that you now have another house to look after?









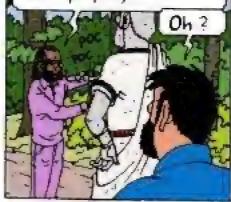
You know, it's often all these re-touches that determine whether a statue is any good or not.



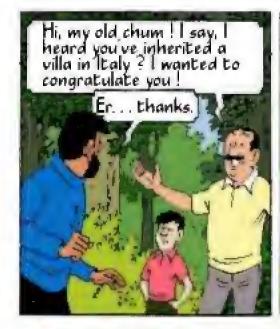
You'll have to excuse me, but I had a bad experience with a bee in the past . . . But why do we have to do the statue outside? . .

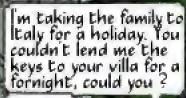


I don't create indoors. I must be surrounded by nature in order for me to be able to visualise my work properly...









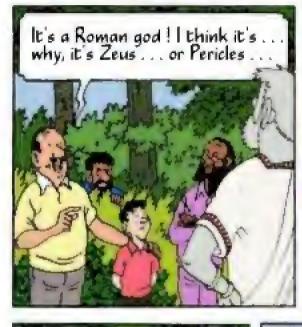


The villa belongs to Tintin. I'll have to ask him.



If he thinks I'd give him the chance to ransack my villa, him and his band of savages, he can think again!





Oh, but it's the Captain! You've certainly captured his spirit, his nobility ...



What a great heart he has, that man. His intelligence, as well, shines through!



Jolyon, my old friend, here are the keys ...





In fact, I've invited my cousin, who lives in Italy. He's going to join us, with his family.



Hi, Captain. Nice day, isn't it? Who was that you were talking to ?



I've just given him the keys to the villa . . .





No, it's alright, it's free! 'm in a generous mood today!











